

BRITANNIA

AN

ENGLISH OPERA.

As it is Perform'd at the

NEW THEATRE

IN THE

HAY-MARKET.

With the Representation and Description of a
TRANSPARENT THEATRE,

Illuminated, and adorn'd with a great Number of *Emblems*,
Mottoes, *Devices* and *Inscriptions*, and embellish'd with
Machines, in a manner entirely *New*.

By Mr. LEDIARD.

Late Secretary to His MAJESTY's Envoy Extraordinary in *Hamburg*,
and many Years Director of the Opera House in that City.

The Musick compos'd after the *Italian* Manner,

By Mr. LAMP E.

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. WATTS at the Printing-Office in *Wild-Court* near
Lincoln's-Inn Fields. MDCCXXXII.

[Price One Shilling and Six Pence.]

BRITANNIA AN ENGLISH OPERA

As it is performed at the

The Reader is desir'd to take Notice, That, for Reasons found proper since the Printing of the Book, the *First* Act will end with the *Chorus* at the End of the *Third* Scene, and not, as in the Book, at the End of the *Seventh* Scene. As likewise, That the Part of *Phæbus* is perform'd by Mr. *Barret*, and that of *Neptune* by Mr. *Mounteir*.

With the Representation and Description of
TRANSPARENT
Illustrated, and adorned with
Machines, Devices and
Machines, in a manner entirely new.



By Mr. EDWARD
Lice Secretary to His Majesty's Theatre-Entertainments in London
and many Years Director of the Opera House in that City.

The Author's complete and last Edition
By Mr. J. W. M. P.

Printed for J. Watts at the Printing Office in Pall Mall
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(Price One Shilling and six Pence)

PREFATORY ARGUMENT.

IT may be necessary to premise that the Vocal Characters of this Piece are all *Ideal* or *Allegorical*, taken from the *Mythology of the Ancients*. Characters which are amusing to the Fancy, and have been generally allow'd in Operas, tho' condemn'd in Tragedy. The Drama is therefore an entire Fiction; and, as the Author's only Design has been to please, without giving Offence to any, he has confin'd himself in general to display the Glory and Happiness of *Great Britain*, in its Constitution, and under the present Establishment, without drawing Characters, or giving Descriptions, applicable to any particular Persons, Things or Circumstances, now, or at any Time heretofore, really existing.

This premis'd, be it suppos'd, that *Britannia*, the *Genius* of *Great Britain*, or *Great Britain* it self, represented by a Nymph or Goddess, and accompany'd by *Publick Virtue*, *Liberty*, *Concord*, *Valour* and *Victory*, her Attendants and Counsellors, is celebrating a Festival instituted by *Honour*, in his Temple, embellish'd, as hereafter describ'd, to the Glory of *Britannia*, and her **AUGUST MONARCH**, where *Phæbus* likewise appears to give Lustre to the Feast.

Discord, enrag'd at the flourishing State of *Great Britain*, and at these Publick Testimonies of it, appears on the Stage, and invokes all the Furies and Plagues of Hell to disturb her Tranquillity and Happiness. *Faction* only appears, as a hideous meager Phantom; *Discord* concludes, that she alone is capable of supplying the Place of all the rest, and of effecting her Designs; she instructs her to that End, and in particular directs her to excite *Mars* to court *Britannia* to a War.

Concord surprising them in their Consultations, they for the present desist, but afterwards renew their Cabals, and in borrow'd shapes gain *Mars*, *Liberty*, *Honour* and *Valour*; who, at their Instigation, prevail upon *Britannia*, and her favourite Counsellor, *Publick Virtue*, by false Fears, Jealousies, and insidious Suggestions, to consent to a War, under the Conduct of *Mars*; *Neptune* likewise offering his Assistance.

Concord, again surprising *Discord* and *Faction*, in *Britannia*'s Presence, employing their Insinuations, in the borrowed Forms of *Flattery* and *Fear*, and having before watch'd all their Motions, discovers the whole Plot to *Britannia*; who thereupon alters her Resolution, condemns *Discord* and *Faction* to be for ever chain'd at the Foot of her Throne, and, Tranquillity being restor'd, renews the Festival.

Mars, tho' disappointed in his Expectation of a War, to shew his unlimited Passion for *Britannia*, unites with *Peace*, and appears in one Machine with her to grace the Festival; which concludes with the Approbation of

Prefatory Argument.

Jupiter, in the midst of the *assembled Gods*, who descend for that purpose into the Temple, in a Machine of Clouds. Thus much in general; for other intervening Incidents, the Reader is referr'd to the Drama it self.

As to the Words of this *Impromptu*, the Author's first Attempt in this kind (at least in the *English* Tongue) he has very little to say, except to bespeak the Indulgence usually given to such Pieces, whose Success depends chiefly on the Musick, the Decorations, &c. and in which little more is expected than common Sense, and Words that will admit of being set to Musick; which, by the way, all, even the best Poetry, will not. This Species of Writing, tho' it may seem the most plain and easy, has yet its Difficulties. The Necessity of choosing such Words, and such only, in the Recitative, as will follow one another in Musical Cadences is not the least: But a yet greater is the being oblig'd, in almost every Scene, to shift from this Recitative (which, tho' Musical, is properly Dialogue or Narration, but a narrow Remove from common Speech, in some Measure modulated) to *Songs*, which have an ardent, or more than common Passion to express, or should contain some instructive Moral; or in short have all the Requisites of an Epigram. It were to be wish'd that such Encouragement were given to *English Musical Drama*, as might engage more able Pens to add to the Charms of lifeless Vocal Musick (for such is all where the Soul or Words are not understood) the Advantage of such beautiful Thoughts and Expressions, as can only render it capable of sensibly raising the Mind to a Pitch of Delight and Transport, which is much easier felt than express'd.

With Regard to the Transparent Theatre, embellish'd in the Manner hereafter describ'd, tho' the like has been little known on the *British* Stage, it has been common abroad, on occasion of solemn Festivals, as this is feign'd to be: This sort of Theatres has a double Use; for at the same Time that they delight the Eye, the Emblems, Devices and Inscriptions, which are mostly borrow'd from the Ancients, not only divert, but instruct the Mind. Not that the *Inventor* pretends to exhibit any Thing superior to what the *English* Drama can boast, his only Design is to offer a small Specimen of what hath been receiv'd with Applause in some foreign Countries, the narrow Limits of this Stage having confin'd him to a very small Part of what he has done on larger Theatres: He must therefore comfort himself with the known Distich of *Ovid*,

Ut defint Vires, tamen est laudanda Voluntas:
Hæc ego contentos auguror esse Deos.

A DESCRIPTION of the
TRANSPARENT THEATRE.

IN Order to give the Reader a better Idea of the Design of this Theatre, he may call to mind, that *M. Marcellus*, having built a Temple in the First Region, or Ward, at Rome, which he propos'd to dedicate in common to *Virtue* and *Honour*, the Pontifices oppos'd it, alledging, that, in Case of a Prodigy or Miracle, they should be at a Loss to which of the two Deities to ascribe it. *Marcellus* therefore was oblig'd to build a separate Temple for *Virtue*, adjoining to the former, which was made Sacred to *Honour*; but in such a Manner, that there was no other Entrance into the Temple of *Honour*, but thro' that of *Virtue*: The Allegory is very obvious.

This Theatre is therefore intended to represent the *Temple of Honour*, illuminated, and adorn'd by that Deity, with transparent Pyramids, Emblems, Mottoes, Inscriptions, Devices, &c. to celebrate a Festival to the Glory of *BRITANNIA* and her AUGUST MONARCH.

The Entrance into the *Temple of Honour*, out of the *Temple of Virtue*, is thro' a Triumphal Arch, resting upon transparent Pillars of the *Corinthian* Order; wreath'd with Foliage and Flowers, and adorn'd with gilt Capitals, &c. Before these Pillars sit upon two elevated Thrones.

On the Right Hand.

PUBLICK VIRTUE.

Represented as a Beautiful Nymph, having in her Right Hand a Spear, and in her Left a Garland of Laurel; with a Sun on her Bosom.

On the Left Hand.

HONOUR.

Represented as a Hero in *Roman* Habit, with the Imperial Mantle over it, crown'd with Laurel, a Chain of Gold about his Neck; in his Right Hand a Spear, and in his Left a Shield, upon which are describ'd two Temples, with the Inscription,

Hic Terminus hæret.

On the Architraves of the four Pillars are four gilt Statues, representing
APOLLO, *MINERVA*, *BELLONA*, *MERCURY*,
standing in the midst of

Musical Instr.
Books, &c.

Mathematical, &c. Arms, Trophies,
Instr. Tools, &c.

Merchandise,
Naval Stores, &c.

LITERIS,
By Learning.

ARTIBUS, ARMIS,
By Arts. By Arms.

COMMERCIO.
By Trade.

Alluding

A Description of the

Alluding to the flourishing State of *Great Britain*, and the Supports of it. In the middle of the *Triumphal Arch* are the Arms of *Great Britain* transparent, held by

P L E N T Y.

Represented as a Virgin, having a Chaplet of Flowers on her Head, and holding a Cornucopia, or Horn of Plenty.

S A F E T Y.

Represented as a Virgin, having a Pillar under her Arms, and a Sprig of Olive in her Hand.

On each Side are two Bustoes to represent the four Cardinal Virtues, *viz.* PRUDENCE, TEMPERANCE, JUSTICE, FORTITUDE.

Upon the Freeze of the Arch is the following Inscription, *IN HONOREM MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ, FELICITATE TRIUMPHANTIS.*

Within this *Triumphal Arch*, is, on each side of the Temple, a Row of transparent Pillars, like those of the Arch, of the *Corinthian Order*, wreath'd with Foliage and Flowers, and adorn'd with gilt Capitals supporting 3 more Arches, adorn'd with Foliage, Festoons and other Ornaments.

Amidst the Ornaments of these, and the Front Arch, are the eight following Emblems with their Mottoes, in Honour of the *British Nation*, of which the *English Lion* is set as the typical Resemblance.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. <i>A Lion, cum Inscr.</i>
Nulli cedit.
<i>He yields to none.</i></p> <p>3. <i>A Lion, holding Jupiter's Thunderbolts, cum Inscr.</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Aliis Lethum, mihi Gloria.</i>
<i>Death to others, to me Glory.</i></p> <p>5. <i>A Lion, in the midst of Thunder and Lightning, c. Inscr.</i>
Tempestate major.
<i>In Danger greater.</i></p> <p>7. <i>A Lion sleeping, c. Inscr.</i>
<i>Quis suscitare audeat?</i>
<i>Who dares rouse him?</i></p> | <p>2. <i>A Lion on a Pyramid, c. Inscr.</i>
Metuendus.
<i>He is to be fear'd.</i></p> <p>4. <i>A Lion, holding in one Paw Thunderbolts, and in the other a Garland of Laurel, cum Inscr.</i>
Unumquodque Tempore.
<i>All, as Time requires.</i></p> <p>6. <i>A fierce Lion, cum Inscr.</i>
Sola Lumina terrent.
<i>His Aspect alone is terrifying.</i></p> <p>8. <i>A Lion holding a Scepter, c. Inscr.</i>
Terret Hostes, fulcit Subditos.
<i>He frights the Enemy, but guards the Subject.</i></p> |
|--|--|

Between these Pillars stand, on both sides, twelve transparent Pyramids, supported on Pedestals, each by two gilt Lions. The Pyramids are adorn'd with Foliage, Festoons, &c. And, at the Foot of each, upon the Pedestal, is a Busto of one of the *Roman Emperors*, famous for some Virtue or laudable Quality, which might intitle him to a Place in the *Temple of Honour*; under each Busto is the Symbol, which the Emperor it represents was wont to make use of; and on the Pedestal of the Pyramid his Name; as follows.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. C. JULIUS CÆSAR, cum Symb.
Satiùs semel, quàm semper.
<i>Better once, than ever.</i></p> <p>3. TITUS VESPASIANUS, c. Symb.
Bonus Princeps, Orbis Amor.
<i>A good Prince the delight of the World.</i></p> <p>5. HADRIANUS, cum Symb.
Non mihi, sed Populo.
<i>Not for my self, but for my People.</i></p> <p>7. AURELIUS, cum Symb.
Regni Clementia Custos.
<i>Clemency is the Safeguard of a Kingdom.</i></p> <p>9. CLAUDIUS, II. cum Symb.
Rex, viva Lex.
<i>A King, a living Law.</i></p> <p>11. TACITUS, cum Symb.
Qui sibi bonus, aliis malus.
<i>He who seeks (but) his own Good, is an Evil to others.</i></p> | <p>2. OCT. CÆS. AUGUSTUS, c. S.
Festina lentè.
<i>Fair and softly.</i></p> <p>4. TRAJANUS, cum Symb.
Qualis Rex, talis Grex.
<i>As is the King, such are the Subjects.</i></p> <p>6. ANTONINUS PIUS, c. Symb.
Se malle unum Civem servare, quàm mille hostes perdere.
<i>Better one Citizen preserv'd, than a thousand Enemies destroy'd.</i></p> <p>8. ALEXANDER, cum Symb.
Quod tibi, hoc alteri.
<i>Do as thou would'st be done by.</i></p> <p>10. AURELIANUS, cum. Symb.
Quo major, eo placabilior.
<i>The greater the more placable.</i></p> <p>12. CONSTANTIUS CHLORUS, c. S.
Virtus dum patitur vincit.
<i>Virtue triumphs even under a Cloud.</i></p> |
|---|---|

The 21 following Emblematical Representations are design'd in Honour of the happy State of *Great Britain*, and the Glory of its Inhabitants, of which the *Sun* (as the most glorious visible Being) is set as the Type, and to that end a *radiant Sun* is plac'd at the Point of each of the 12 Pyramids, and in 9 several Parts of the Arches, each with a Motto, as follows;

In Honour to

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. The happy Constitution of <i>Great Britain</i>.
<i>The Sun, in the Center of the Copernican System, cum Inscr.</i>
Non moveor
<i>I am unmoveable.</i></p> <p>2. Its Superiority over other I-
lands.
<i>The Sun consider'd as darkening the Stars, cum Inscr.</i>
Mille prævalet.
<i>It exceeds a Thousand.</i></p> <p>4. Flourishing State.
<i>The Sun, cum Inscr.</i>
Splendore.
<i>In Splendor.</i></p> <p>6. Power.
<i>The Sun, cum Inscr.</i></p> | <p>3. Its extensive Dominions in all
Parts of the World.
<i>The Sun, cum Inscr.</i>
Quid mihi par.
<i>What can compare with me.</i></p> <p>5. Independency.
<i>The Sun, cum Inscr.</i>
Non alieno Lumine.
<i>Not with a borrow'd Light.</i></p> <p>7. Glory in being the balance of
<i>Europe.</i></p> |
|--|--|

A Description of the

Quis tibi non cedit?
Who but owns thy Superiority?

8. The high Esteem other Nations have for it.

The Sun, cum Inscr.
Humani Generis Deliciæ.
The Delight of Mankind.

10. Forbearance with its Enemies for a Season.

The Sun consider'd as exhaling the Vapours out of the Earth, cum Inscr.
Ut Lapfu graviore ruant.
That their Fall may be the greater.

12. Liberty.

The Sun, cum Inscr.
Hilarem reddit.
Gives Joy.

14. Learning.

The Sun, cum Inscr.
Et fovet, & alit.
Cherishes and Nourishes.

16. Valour.

The Sun, cum Inscr.
Omnia superat.
Exceeds all.

18. Policy.

The Sun, cum Inscr.
Penetrando.
By Penetrating.

20. Publick Faith.

The Sun, cum Inscr.
Non corrumpor.

I am not to be corrupted.

Behind these Arches are discover'd three Piazzas of transparent Pillars in the same Order, and adorn'd in the same Manner as the former.

Under the Arch of the middle Piazza is a stately Equestrian Statue of HIS SACRED MAJESTY, gilt in the Habit of a Roman Emperor, on a Pedestal of white Marble, trampling Envy and Tyranny under his Horse's Feet.

On the Pedestal is the following Inscription;

GEORGIUS II. REX MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ, &c. &c. &c.
OMNI VIRTUTE ADORNATUS.

George II. King of Great Britain, &c. &c. &c. adorn'd with every Virtue.

The Sun, cum Inscr.
In publica Commoda.
For the publick Utility.

9. Trade throughout the whole World.

The Sun, cum Inscr.
Utilis Orbi.

Advantageous to the World.

11. Contempt of all weak Endeavours against its Peace.

The Sun consider'd as above the Clouds, cum Inscr.

Non curo.

I am above them.

13. Plenty.

The Sun, cum Inscr.
Ex me omnia.
I produce all Things.

15. Industry.

The Sun in the Zodiack, cum Inscr.
Nulla est meta Laboris.
Its Labour knows no end.

17. Wisdom.

The Sun, consider'd as darting his Rays into the deepest Valleys, cum Inscr.

Ad Ima.

To the lowest Depths.

19. Constancy.

The Sun, cum Inscr.
Nec erro, nec cesso.
I neither err, nor cease.

21. Everlasting Renown.

The Sun, cum Inscr.
Ad Ævum.
For ever.

Transparent Theatre.

9

Over His Majesty's Statue hovers *Fame*, holding with one Hand a Crown of Laurel over his Head, and with the other a Trumpet, in the Fane of which is the Inscription,

Intaminatis fulget Honoribus.

He shines with unsully'd Honours.

At the four Corners of the Pedestal are four Figures, representing *Europe, Asia, Africa, and America*, signifying that HIS MAJESTY has Dominions in all these four Parts of the World.

And on a Throne, at the Foot of the Pedestal, is seated *BRITANNIA*. On each side of the Equestrian Statue sit,

VICTORY,

VALOUR,

Represented by a Maiden in the Habit of an *Amazon*, holding a Branch of Palm in her right Hand. Represented as a young Hero in a Roman Habit.

In the sixth Scene of the third Act descends a Machine in the middle of the Stage, in which are seated together,

PEACE,

MARS.

This Machine is adorn'd,

(On the side of Peace) with Branches of Olives, Laurel and Palm, among which lie, at her Feet, a Lion sporting with a Lamb, over her Head a Rainbow, and the Inscription.

(On the side of *Mars*) with all sort of Arms and Trophies, with the Inscr.

Pax Meta Belli.

In Fulcrum Pacis.

Peace is the Scope of War.

For the Support of Peace.

In the middle between them is a Bust of *His Sacred Majesty*, with the Inscription,

Aureum condit Seculum.

He restores the Golden Age.

In the last Scene descends, at the end of the Stage, a large Machine of Clouds, which takes in the whole Breadth of it; on which is seated *JUPITER*, in the midst of the assembled Gods.

On each Side, on the Cornish of the Temple, between every two Pillars, are a Lion and an Unicorn, supporting Cyphers of the Letters,

G. R.

C. R.

Georgius Rex.

Carolina Regina.

With Crowns over them, and under them the Word *V I V A T*.

B

DRA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JUPITER,
Neptune,
Mars,
Phœbus,
Honour,
Valour,
Liberty,

Mr. *Barret.*
Mr. *Snider.*
Mr. *Waltz.*
Mr. *Mountier.*
Mr. *Waltz.*
Mr. *Baker.*
Mr. *Snider.*

BRITANNIA,

Publick Virtue,

Victory,
Concord, }
Peace,

Discord }
Faction } as two Furies,

Discord in the Appearance of Flattery,

Faction in the Appearance, first of Joy, and
afterwards of Fear.

Miss *Cecilia Young.*
Miss *Susanna Mason.*

Mrs. *Seedo.*

Mr. *Comano.*
Mr. *Mynet.*

N. B. The Part of *Liberty* was design'd for a Woman as usual, but the Distribution of the Characters among the Singers not allowing of it, it is hop'd this small Impropriety, if any, will be excus'd.



B R I T A N N I A.

A N

ENGLISH OPERA.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

THE Stage represents the *Temple of Honour*, illuminated and embellish'd by that Deity, as before describ'd; with the Entrance into it, thro' the *Temple of Virtue*, represented by a noble Triumphal Arch.

After the Overture, the Curtain, rising by slow Degrees, during a joyful Musick, accompany'd with Trumpets and Kettle-Drums; discovers seated under this Arch, on two elevated Thrones,

PUBLICK VIRTUE and HONOUR.

In the middle, on a Throne, at the Foot of the Pedestal of HIS MAJESTY's Equestrian Statue, is seated

B R I T A N N I A.

And on each side of her,

VICTORY and VALOUR.

GRAND CHORUS.

*Welcome Life-inspiring Ray,
Usher in this sacred Day;*

B 2

Phœbus

B R I T A N N I A.

Phœbus dispel the Shades of Night :
 Swelling Trumpets loudly sounding,
 Softer echoing Flutes rebounding,
 Celebrate a Day so bright.
 Shouts of Triumph, Peals of Joy,
 Every BRITISH Tongue employ :
 The tuneful Nine
 In Concert join ;

APOLLO, heighten our Delight.

Welcome, &c.

(BRITANNIA, VICTORY and VALOUR advance to the Front of the Stage, HONOUR and PUBLIC VIRTUE descend from their Thrones.)

Hon. And see !

Phœbus our Wishes crowns ;
 From Teihys' Lap arising,
 He mounts the Heavenly Arch ;
 His radiant Carr rolls on the Day ;
 A Day will swell each British Breast with Joy.

Val. With brighter Smiles than usual,
 He tow'rs these Coasts advances.

A I R.

Come, PHOEBUS, with thy Beams Divine
 This blissful Feast adorn ;
 In all thy Eastern Glories shine,
 To grace this splendid Morn.
 No heavy Mist, no low'ring Cloud,
 Will now our Mirth invade ;
 In joyful sounds, and PÆANS LOUD,
 Our Tribute shall be paid.

Come Phœbus, &c.

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

A Symphony is heard.

To them PHOEBUS in the Air, in a Chariot drawn by two white Horses.

A I R.

*Happy BRITAIN, Darling State,
Queen of Nations, Pride of Fate,
See TITAN at thy Call appears.
So long as I the Globe surround,
Brightest Joys shall here abound,
Ever glorious, shining Tears.*

Happy Britain, &c.

For thee, and for thine Isle,
Fair Goddess ! all that Greece and Rome could boast,
The Fates decree.
Far as my Beams their quickening Power extend,
By all lov'd, courted and esteem'd thou'lt be.
Where-e'er thy Navies spread their Wings,
Thou still shalt Laws to Nations give;
And Trade and Arts support thy various Glories.

[The Symphony repeated, during which Phœbus ascends in his Chariot.]

S C E N E III.

BRITANNIA, PUBLICK VIRTUE, VICTORY,
HONOUR, and VALOUR.

Hon. Thrice glorious Goddess of this blissful Region !
May each revolving Morn return
Propitiously as this.
Thus be my Temple ever grac'd,
To fam'd *Britannia's* Glory;
And thus in emblematick shew
Her Happiness be still express'd !
Ye hearty Friends to *Britain's* Empire

*[To Val. and Vict.
Join*

Join then with me to make her Joys compleat.

Val. My Flame's inherent in the *British* Soul:
Sooner the Source of Light shall lose its Influence,
Than *Britain's* Heroes ever be dismay'd.]

Do thou, bright Power!

[To Victory.

(For such is their Desert)

Attend their Steps when-e'er they take the Field.

Vict. When great *Britannia* calls to War,
Sure Conquest always must attend the Signal.

And, as a Mark that lasting Triumph's yours,

[To Britannia.

Receive from me, thou lovely radiant Goddess,

This ever blooming Palm.

[Victory gives Britannia her Palm.

D U E T T O.

Vict. VALOUR, VICTORY *inciting,*

and *Thoughts of sure success inviting*

Val. Fair BRITANNIA's Call attend.

Succeeding Ages still shall know,

When great AUGUSTUS strikes the Blow,

There's yet another MARLBOROUGH

Will proudest Nations bend.

Valour, Victory, &c.

Hon. What more remains,

To crown *Britannia's* Bliss,

But *Publick Virtue's* sacred Inspirations.

Publ. V. Me she has long possess'd;

Nor ever Thirst of lawless Sway,

Or wide Dominion, could with her prevail,

T' invade her Neighbour's Right;

But studious of the Publick Welfare,

She with unblemish'd Faith,

And strictest Justice governs:

Impartial Umpire of all *Europe's* Fate.

A I R.

BRITANNIA, ever blest,
 Preserve me in thy Breast;
 There may I always rest,
 Dear Heavenly blooming Maid!
 For thee all Nations languish,
 'Tis thou canst heal their Anguish,
 By lending generous Aid.

Britannia ever, &c.

Brit. Believe, my glorious Friends,
 That with warm Gratitude my Bosom glows,
 For these great Testimonies,
 You give me of your Love.

A I R.

VIRTUE, HONOUR, still attend me,
 Ever thus your Counsels lend me,
 Dearest to my grateful Heart.
 O the Blessing,
 These possessing,
 Never, never, let us part.

Virtue, Honour, &c.

Publ. V. With like Felicity
 May we be ever blest'd,
 Till Phœbus cease to shine,
 And Nature feel Decay.

G R A N D C H O R U S.

Welcome Life-inspiring Ray, &c.

Repeated.

[Exeunt omnes.]

S C E N E IV.

After a furious Symphony, DISCORD arises as a hideous Fury.

Disc. What sounds of hated Joy
 Disturb my ever restless Thoughts,

And

And call me from my dark Abode?
Come sable Night extinguish all these Glories.

She comes : -----

[The Stage is darkned.

Rage, Horror, every gloomy Fiend,
Ascend, and listen to my dread Command.
Exert your Influence thro' Britannia's Regions;
Let Terrors seize each Soul,
And one wide-spreading Desolation reign.

[Thunder and Lightning.

A I R

*Furies of Orcus hither fly,
Daughters of Hell attend my Call;
All you who haunt the dusky Sky,
Give me your Assistance all :
Surround these Regions, cloud the Air,
And fill these Realms with black Despair.*

Furies of Orcus, &c.

Is then my Power no more,
Why am I not obey'd?

[Thunder and Lightning again.

S C E N E V.

To her ascends FACTION as a meagre Phantom.

Disc. But see! Faction attends,
The best belov'd of all my dreadful Train :
But wherefore thus alone?
Yet thou canst all I wish supply.
In thee is greatly center'd every Plague,
That Malice, Rage, Revenge,
And disappointed Hopes require,
To work their wicked Ends.

Fact. At thy Command, see *Discord*, *Faction* comes,
Now ready to obey thee.

And yet I shudder at the Thoughts-----

Disc. Thy Fears dispel :

Since

Since veil'd by Night's all-shrouding Mantle,
 In borrow'd Shapes,
 We'll baffle all Attempts to cross us.
 Be now our mutual Aim,
 To disunite *Britannia's* Subjects,
 And to this End,
 Do thou, by Fears of threatening Dangers,
 Excite Dissensions in her awful Council,
 But first gain over *Liberty* and *Honour*,
 Their darling Phantoms.
 My Care shall be
 To win the giddy Crowd,
 By gay, fantastick shadowy Hopes;
 With these I'll sooth them to their Ruin.
 Then to each other, they shall Furies prove,
 And hurry on their own Destruction;
 Till -----

[*A soft Symphony is heard.*]

S C E N E VI.

CONCORD descends in a Machine of Clouds, sitting in a
Chariot drawn by Doves. [The Darkness vanishes.]

Faët. What's this
 Thus interrupts our high Debates!
Disc. Accursed Sight!
 See Concord there her hated Form reveals.
 And O! at once she blasts our great Designs.

Conc. Impotent Furies,
 Whence this presumptuous Boldness,
 Thus to profane this sacred Place?
 Know that *Britannia's* safe from all Attempts.
 Be gone!
 And haunt no more these Realms of Peace and Joy;
 Else to dark *Tartarus* you'll quick be plung'd,

C

And

And there confin'd in everlasting Chains.

Disc. O curs'd Decree of Fate!
That thus my well concerted Plots,
Must at thy odious Presence vanish.
Rise up, ye Fiends!-----
O no! 'Tis all in vain,
To strive against superior Might.

ACCOMPAGNEMENT.

*Thus doom'd we go, thrice happy could we breath
Infection, as we sink, to blast BRITANNIA:*

[They sink together.]

SCENE VII.

CONCORD *alone.*

The Fiends are gone, *Britannia's* now secure,
And *Fortune* will henceforward be her Slave.

A I R.

FORTUNE *till now changing,*
Soon shall cease from ranging,
And with BRITANNIA live.
Inspir'd with lasting Glory,
Her Fame shall swell each Story,
And Time it self survive.

Fortune till now, &c.

*[During a Repetition of the same Symphony, she ascends in her
Machine.]*

The End of the First Act.

ACT

A C T II. S C E N E I.

MARS *and* VALOUR.

Val. **W**HAT Motive can the *God of War* induce,
To visit *Britain*,

Where *Peace* and all the milder Powers reign?

Mars. *Britain's* fair Goddess I adore;
Therefore would fire her Soul to War,
And turn her Eyes to martial Scenes,
T'embattl'd Squadrons, and to hostile Fields.
Tho' courted by her Neighbours;
On her intent, to her alone,
I all my Power resign.

[Exit Valour.]

S C E N E II.

To MARS (*mus'ing*) DISCORD (*as a Fury*) *aside*, and
FACTION *in the Shape of Joy*.

Disc. [To Faction *aside*.]

Dearest Companion of my black Designs,
Shrouded thus happily,
Not all the cunning Arts
Of prying Curiosity,
Thy Person or Designs shall e'er detect.
But by substantial Darkness veil'd,
We'll traverse *Britain's* Isle,
And scatter Seeds of baneful Faction.
Honour and Liberty already are secur'd,
Now thou, beneath the borrow'd Form of Joy,
Shalt *Mars* with Love inspire,
Whilst I with Flatt'ry will seduce *Britannia*.

Fact. [To Disc. *aside*.] Thy Slave obeys.

[To Mars.] Is't possible that *Mars*, th'avenging God
Of bright *Britannia*,

Can thus unactive be when Dangers threaten.

See! the great Goddess,
Whose conquering Legions,
Made Nations tremble,
Now sleeps supine.

Then rouse her up to Arms;

Since these can only now,

Her Happiness secure,

And all Joy and Transport thou canst wish,

For her and thee procure.

[*Exeunt Disc. and Faction.*]

S C E N E III.

M A R S *alone.*

What, tho' she yet denies my earnest Suit,

I never can th' enchanting Goddess leave.

Still will I urge my Charmer, till she glows

With Love of deathless Fame;

Till the reluctant Fair submits.

A I R.

CUPID, *God of soft Desire,*

Assist BRITANNIA's Heart to fire,

And gain her kind Consent;

Whilst I with Glory do allure,

Tell her what Transports you'll procure,

If th' unwilling Fair relent.

Cupid, God, &c.

But see, she comes!

What heavenly Beauty plays around her Face!

S C E N E IV.

M A R S *and* B R I T A N N I A.

[*Britannia seeing Mars, endeavours to retire, but he holds her.*]

Mars. Stay, Britannia, Source of Joy,

Why will you always fly me,

For thee, enchanting Goddess,

I quit all other Beauties;

Ev'n

Ev'n *Venus* now no more can charm.
 Whyt hus is every Insult tamely born?
 Since with the Aid of powerful *Mars*,
 Thou'lt, swift as Lightning, crush thy fiercest Foes!

Brit. Dread *Mars*, to thy warm Suit
 I cannot listen now.
 I know thy Pow'r attends me,
 But yet consider,
 Since *Concord*, *Peace*, and *Plenty* all unite,
 To shew their genial Influence o'er my *Britons*
 Shall I, on meer suspicion, take Alarm,
 And harass with a War these Realms?
 O no! this must not be.

A I R.

M A R S *in vain to War you move me,*
Cease persuading, if you love me;
 P E A C E *is most BRITANNIA's Care.*
Every Subjects Life's a Treasure,
I'll not lose for Glory's Pleasure;
Since each Hero has his Fair.

Mars, in vain, &c. [Exit Mars.

S C E N E V.

BRITANNIA and LIBERTY.

Lib. [Aside.] Honour and Valour,
Faithful Friends to Britain,
By strongest Arguments have prov'd,
The State's in Danger,
And that base Faction spreads her Venom round;
The Infection must be quickly stopt.
But lo! our Goddess.
[To Brit.] Great Genius of our Isle,
Behold thy faithful Counsellor
Implores that War may be denounc'd.
I, who can never be alarm'd,

When

When you are not in Danger,
 Am now convinc'd,
 That dark Designs are hatching,
 Destructive of our Peace:
 I know the Peril which must hence ensue,
 Then grant me Succour,
 Secure your self, O Goddess.
 And be prepar'd against the worst Events.

Brit. Thy Caution I approve,
 But still my *Briton's* Lives, their Treasures,
 Must not be hazarded,
 On the bare Rumour
 Of Plots and Combinations,
 Now carrying on against our Weal.
 Howe'er with *Argus' Eyes*
 I'll watch each Motion.

A I R.

*The sweet Delights which Freedom gives,
 No Tongue can speak, no Words explain.
 The Slave but lingers, never lives;
 Life without Liberty's a Pain.*

The sweet, &c. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VI.

MARS and VALOUR meeting.

Mars. Still, still the cruel Goddess,
 Eludes my fond Addresses;
 And tho' with pleasing Words she strives to sooth me,
 She yet disdains me in her Heart.

Val. Great God of War,
 Compose thy ruffled Thoughts;
 For tho' *Britannia* now to Peace inclines,
 She soon her Thoughts will change:
 Since Liberty,
 Her darling Pow'r,

Now

Now threatned with impending Danger,
Our Interest espouses.

A I R.

Mars.

*Tho Goddess still you fly me,
You never can deny me,
Whilst Liberty's your Care.
Think trembling he's addressing
Thee, as his only Blessing;
Then save him lovely Fair.*

Tho' Goddess, &c.

[Exit Valour.]

S C E N E VII.

M A R S and L I B E R T Y.

Lib. [Aside.] 'Tis strange the Dangers, which on all sides threaten,
Should not have yet alarm'd our Goddess;
I'll therefore supplicate the God of War,
To make such early Preparations,
As may secure our Kingdoms from surprize,
[To Mars.] Dread Deity, behold *Britannia's* Pride,
With fell Invasion threatned,
To thee for Refuge flies.
Do therefore thou, great *Mars*!
Espouse my Cause;
And with thy powerful protecting Arm,
O Shield me, shield me quick from Ruin.

Mars. Thy Fears are justly groundd.
Arms are the only Shield that Peace can boast.
Therefore persist in these thy Resolutions,
And join with me *Britannia's* Eyes to open.
But see! she comes,
And with her Publick Virtue,
Her favourite Attendant.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

[To them.] BRITANNIA attended by PUBLICK VIRTUE.

Lib. Goddess, tho' lately
My Counsels were not heard,
My Duty and thy Safety both oblige me,
Again to urge them:
For O! if *Mars* be now rejected,
Sudden Destruction must ensue-----
But-----listen to him, and we're secure.

Brit. Say, *Publick Virtue*,
What's to be done in this Emergency?
Shall we not for our Safety arm,
And rouse our Heroes to the Field?
Since thus prepar'd, we may divert the Tempest.

Publ. V. The Safety of a State requires,
To be prepar'd for War in Time of Peace.
My Vows were always for the latter;
Yet since not *Liberty* alone,
But *Honour, Valour, Victory*,
And all your faithful Votaries combine,
To call aloud for War,
So far my Vote with theirs agrees;
That instantly we have Recourse to Arms.

Brit. Thy Suffrage has my Resolution fix'd.
Be therefore War denounc'd.

AIR.

A I R.

*Welcome MARS, since PEACE no more ;
Safety calling loud for War,
On thee I will depend.
For dearer than BRITANNIA's Blood
Is her Subjects Peace and Good ;
These, These, I must defend.*

Welcome Mars, &c.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

BRITANNIA *attended by* PUBLICK VIRTUE *and*
LIBERTY.

[A Water Symphony is heard.]

*To them, NEPTUNE, arising from under the Stage,
in a Machine drawn by Sea-Horses.*

N E P T U N E.

GODDESS of this propitious Isle,
See Neptune, from the swelling Surge
Of boundless Ocean rising,
Attends thy Call to War ;
My scaly Herds their Coral Cells forsake,
And listen to thy awful Voice.
What Power dares *Britannia's* Fleets controul ?
Where-e'er they fly, they Peace or War command.

A I R.

Royal Daughter, dearest Treasure,
 Eternal Source of Joy and Pleasure,
 See in Transports NEPTUNE rise:
 Peace or Conquest ever crown thee,
 With flowing Plenty I'll surround thee,
 As long as JOVE shall rule the Skies.
 Royal Daughter, &c.

Brit. Thy Aid, O Neptune, I have oft experienc'd,
 Nor have I ever ask'd in vain.
 But 'tis with great Regret I War proclaim.

A I R.

Fav'rite NEPTUNE, Darling God;
 Great Commander of the Seas,
 Genius of the boundless Flood,
 BRITAIN to thee owes splendid Ease.
 Guardian of my victorious Fleet,
 Ever honour'd, let us greet;
 You always have the Art to please.
 Fav'rite Neptune, &c.

Nept. Safe the industrious Mariner
 Shall Plough the warry Main.
 And bring the Treasures of both Indias Home.
 Thy Thames shall be more famous,
 Than Rome's renowned Tiber,
 Or Nile that gives Fertility to Egypt;
 On her thy spreading Sails,
 That visit Ocean's Bounds,
 Shall waft more Riches to the Port
 Of Britain's Carthage,
 Than Ganges' Sands,
 Or fam'd Peru can boast.-----

[During the same Water Symphony Neptune descends.

SCENE

SCENE II.

TO BRITANNIA, PUBLICK VIRTUE, and
LIBERTY.

*Enter FACTION, in the Form of Fear, and DISCORD in
the Appearance of Flattery.*

Fact. Goddess, you justly have declar'd for War,
But why so long delay'd?
Then rouse to Action,
Since Danger is impending;
And if these Ills are suffer'd to increase,
Who can the dire Event foretell?

Disc. May fair *Britannia* ever prove victorious,
Nor let that Arm so us'd to punish Wrongs
Suffer Injustice now.
Reflect on all the Battles you have won,
The lasting Trophies
To thy eternal Honour rais'd.

Brit. Why thus 'twixt flattering Hopes,
And abject Fears, am I tormented?
Britannia's Subjects must and shall have Justice.

SCENE III.

To them CONCORD.

Conc. [*aside.*] The Fiends are both discover'd,
And soon I'll crush their Hopes.
[*To Brit.*] Goddess behold;
Where *Discord* and base *Faction*,
Now lurking lie beneath a borrow'd Form.
Thro' all their Round of Artifice I've trac'd them;
Heard them, with false suggested Fears,
And gnawing Jealousies,
Seduce thy Darlings, Liberty, and Honour;

And, with their specious Promises, allure,
The God of War, and gain him to their Side. -----

Brit. And am I thus impos'd upon by Fiends,
Base groveling impotent.
But seize the Monsters, and beneath my Feet,
Let them be chain'd for ever.

[*They are chain'd to the Foot of her Throne.*]

Henceforth, no civil Broils shall vex these Realms,
Nor *Hydra-Faction* Murmurings create :
Malice disarm'd shall pine, shall droop and dye,
And Party-rage no more inflame my *Britons*,
[*To Concord.*] Celestial Nymph, accept our kindest Thanks,
For interposing in our Service.

S C E N E IV.

To them M A R S.

Mars. The Trumpet's Sound now calls aloud for War,
And glorious Conquests wait thee.
Thy numerous Legions, and thy Fleets are ready,
To bid, Defiance to th' insulting Foe,
And deathless Laurels shall thy *Britons* crown.

Brit. I thank thee, *Mars*, for this thy proffer'd Aid;
But now my Thoughts are bent on Peace,
For know, that Plots, against our State contriv'd,
Are just discover'd;

And that great *Mars* deluded was by Fiends.
Therefore to peaceful Scenes I turn my Eyes,
And wish to hear the *Clarion's* Sound no more.

Mars. The Goddess has strange Influence o'er my Soul,
Since even her Denial charms.

A I R.

A I R.

*Goddeſs majeſtick, awful, great,
The Umpire of all EUROPE's Fate,
There's Magick in your Power ;
You rule whatever's great and brave,
Ev'n MARS is bright BRITANNIA's Slave,
And you the Conqueror.*

Goddeſs majeſtick, &c.

[Mars muſing after the Song.]

And yet it muſt be ſo !

Thus doom'd ! I go, but quickly ſhall return.

[Exit Mars.]

S C E N E V.

BRITANNIA, PUBLICK VIRTUE, and
LIBERTY.

Brit. What means the God of War ?
Methoughts with Diſcontent he left us.

Publ. V. My Royal Miſtreſs,
To thee *Mars*, can no Injury intend ;
And tho' his ardent Soul,
Inflam'd with Thoughts of War,
Could ſcarce the Diſappointment brook,
I yet read fixt Obedience in his Eyes.

[A Symphony is heard alternately martial and ſoft.]

But hark ! what various Sounds
Now ſtrike our Ears ;
Sure *Mars* returns.

S C E N E

SCENE VI.

To them, MARS and PEACE seated together in one Machine of Clouds, with the Embellishments already describ'd. Mars crown'd with Laurels.

Mars. Submissive to thy Will, [To Britannia.]
I've banish'd from these Regions,
Dread War, and all its Train of Horrors;
When thus with *Peace* did ever *Mars* unite?
But what can't you, bright Power command?
For thee all Nature must her Treasures open.

Peace. *Britannia* see thy every Wish indulg'd;
And *Mars*, who, heretofore,
Spread Terrors round,
Now joins with me to heighten all thy Joys.
Henceforth shall Lambs with Lions safely sport,
And (*Fanus*' Temple shut for ever)
Perpetual Blessings shall descend on Mortals.

A I R.

Let choicest Blessings ever smile
Upon BRITANNIA's happy Isle:
Let Fame her just Renown display;
And distant Nations Homage pay.
No Feuds annoy
Her settled Joy,
Nor Discord's Seeds her Peace beguile.

Let choicest, &c.

[The Symphony repeated, during which Mars and Peace descend.]

Publ. V. This ever-sacred Day
Shall from our Minds all past Distresses chase,
Bright Goddess, banish from thy Soul
All gloomy Thoughts which late disturb'd thy Rest.

Assume

Assume thy native Smile,
And shine in all thy wonted Splendor.

A I R.

*Aurora's Beams dispelling Night,
When joyful Day all Mortals cheers,
Pale sickning Stars soon lose their Light,
And only one bright Sun appears.
And thus the Wretch, with Woes oppress'd,
His Spirits sunk, his Mind o'er cast;
If Bliss returns, is doubly bless'd,
And thinks no more on sufferings past.*
Aurora's Beams, &c.

Brit. Great Son of Jove,
And thou celestial Peace;
The Thanks, which warmest Gratitude can offer,
From me accept.
To grace this Day there only now remains,
To celebrate the Praise of BRITAIN'S SOVEREIGN,
HIS ROYAL CONSORT, and ILLUSTRIOUS Race;
To wish Prosperity to ALBION'S Sons,
That every Breast may glow with Roman Fire;
With Justice, Prudence-----
All the social Virtues.

[A joyful Symphony is heard.]

But hark! What Harmony delights?
See heavenly Glories break upon the Eye!

S C E N E VII.

*To them, JUPITER in the midst of the assembled GODS
descending in a Machine of Clouds, which takes in the whole
Breadth of the Stage.*

Lo! the assembled Deities descend
To heighten our Solemnity.

Jup.

Jup. This Festival is grateful to the Skies;
 And as a Mark that 'tis approv'd by *Jove*,
 Know, henceforth, thou shalt in his Power share,
 And make proud Nations supplicate thy Friendship.
 To thy triumphant Flag,
 Thou ever shalt due Homage force;
 Or spread destructive Terrors round the Globe,
 'Till all confess thy Empire o'er the Seas.
 Thus have the Fates decreed.

ACCOMPAGNEMENT.

*The Skies, the Earth, the Seas, shall all unite,
 To make thee happy, as thy Charms are bright,*

A I R.

Brit. With splendor crown'd immortal **JOVE**,
 Bright **CYTHEREA**, Queen of Love,
 And all ye Powers Divine;
 Indulge a Reign of shining Years,
 (Till they ascend the cloudless Spheres)
 To **GEORGE** and **CAROLINE**.
 May their Posterity be bless'd;
 Nor civil Broils our Peace infest.
 But Heart with Heart combine,
 To greatest Bliss may **BRITONS** rise,
 Till Time's no more, and Nature dies.

GRAND CHORUS.

Indulge a Reign, &c.



The End of the third and last A C T.

